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THE  
Appartion.

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A  
P O E M.

*Dii, quibus imperium est animarum ; Umbræque  
silentes ;  
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui : —*

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

O X F O R D

Printed and Sold by the Bookfellers of London  
and Westminster. M. DCC X. Price 1 d.

## The APPARITION.

**B**EGIN my Muse the dire Adventure tell,  
 How the supremest gloomy Power of Hell,  
 Convers'd familiar with a Mortal Man;  
 Where, when, and how the Conference began;  
 Bring each Particular in open Sight,  
 And do the Devil and the Doctor Right.

As the round World that restless Spirit flew,  
 This spacious Earth, and all her Sons to view;  
 To see how Treason, Lust and Murder strove,  
 To fill his Realms, and empty these Above.  
 While Truth was Tramp'd on by Lies and Spight;  
 And Wrong Victorious Triumph'd over Right;  
 Vice domineer'd, and haughty Swore aloud,  
 Surrounded with a num'rous Flatt'ring Crowd:  
 Virtue, with Blushes cover'd o're, retir'd,  
 By all Forsaken, tho' by all Admir'd.

Silent She Grieved, with Pity, at the sight,  
 Then Wing'd tow'ards Heaven Her solitary Flight;

Not so the Fiend, with other Passions fraught,  
 Exulting, on his mighty Conquests thought:  
 Wide, to his View, the lovely Prospect lay,  
 But still with Joy malign he ey'd the Prey:  
 For some escaping, made his Madness rise,  
 Low'ring he Scowl'd and Darken'd all the Skies;

Unmindful of the Many, Satan stood,

Revenge against those flying Few he Vow'd:

Then toss'd the Vipers round his horrid Head,  
 And thus indignant to himself he said.

These Kingdoms of the Earth of Old were given,

If I mistake not, in Exchange for Heav'n:

Their Pow'r, their Wealth and Glory, all are Mine;

I hold 'em from Above by Grant Divine.

Uxorious Adam, by my Cunning cross'd,

Forfeit to Treason all their Tenures lost:

Then, if I hold by Titles such as These,

Who shall my Tenures dare Dispute or Seize?

Yet—for all this—spite of my Sov'reign Will,

Some Nations do decline their Homage still.

The Three Great Quarters of the World are Mine;

See how their Altars smoke and Temples shine:

In Europe too, nor am I less rever'd

Where graceful Rome her Images has rear'd;

Or where Fanatick Sectaries abound,

I scow'r with Pleasure my devouring Round:

But Albion, Cursed Isle! by Priests mis-led,

Falls to my Hopes, is in Rebellion bred.



Not that my Emissaries There I want:  
 Atheists to Curse, and Hypocrites to Cane!  
 B—— is aloft Harangues the gaping Crowd,  
 While Witty H—— G below Blasphemes aloud;  
 And to each other, tho' so Opposite,  
 Yet in my Cause Both lovingly Unite:  
 The N—— T to my Wish proceeds,  
 Neglected Gardens must be choak'd with Weeds!  
 Oh, cou'd I Sink the Sacramental Test!  
 Down falls at once the Altar and the Priest!  
 For still th' Establish'd Church is all my Bane:  
 And while That stands I ne'er must hope to Reign.  
 But then that D—— O, damn'd Pedantick Town!  
 Thus to be Fool'd by a Square-Cap and Gown!  
 How Old and Silly, Satan, art Thou grown?  
 — But 'tis Resolv'd, new Measures I will try,  
 Quick to S—— S—— A, to L—— T I will fly;  
 L—— T, alike with me, by GOD Accurs'd;  
 In Vice and Error from his Cradle Nurs'd:  
 He Studies hard, and takes extreme Delight,  
 In Whores, or Heresies to spend the Night?  
 My Vassal sworn! He loves Confusion's Cause,  
 And hates, like Me, all Government and Laws:  
 All Ties of Duty, Gratitude are vain;  
 No Bonds his furious Malice can restrain:  
 All Int'rests, Civil, Sacred, still unite  
 With idle Toyl, to check his ardent Spite.  
 Thus having said, quick down to Earth he fell;  
 Full in the Middle of the Quadrangle:  
 With sudden Glance he traverr'd all the Rooms,  
 And then forthwith a human Shape assumes.  
 Like an Old College-Bedmaker he bent;  
 His Clowen-Foot he wrigg'l'd as he went:  
 A frowzy high-crown'd Hat his Face did hide,  
 A hooked Staff his tottering Steps did guide,  
 A Bunch of various Keys hung jangling by his Side.  
 Quick to the Doctor's Chamber he repair'd,  
 Three solemn Rapps upon the Door were heard;  
 The Doctor listning, trembl'd, swore, and star'd.  
 And in an instant tow'ards the Door he goes,  
 The Door, self-opening, took him thwart the Nose.  
 Astonish'd, back he started with a bound;  
 And thought, at least, he trod enchanted Ground.  
 But as the Spectre nearer to him drew,  
 Resolv'd at last, he cries, Z——s! What are You?  
 The Spright, observing streight his great Confusion,  
 Thus calmly Silcrice broke (as He who knows one.)  
 Dear Doctor! Priests do not Tremble so:  
 Pray be compos'd! What? — Nor Crispella know!  
 The Devil is not come to fetch you now.

Once I was Young, nor wanted Female Chatter;  
 When I lay Planting in your curling Arms;  
 Lock'd in the Folds of Love we both desir'd  
 The Statutes, and the Laws of GOD.

Then, my Civilian! As Intranc'd you lay,  
 How did you Sigh and Kiss the Hours away;  
 Not Alexander, with Statira Blest,  
 His Passion with more Tenderness express.  
 What? tho' with Age and Weakness now I bend,  
 With Wrinkles storivel'd: — One Tumblers sends  
 If not a Mistress, use me like a Friend.  
 For Favours past some small Regards are due;  
 I wou'd not at these Years have flamm'd you.

Turn then, Barbarian, turn thy lovely Eyes;  
 Survey me well: — and mark my thin Disguise.

No musty College-Matron here thou see'st;  
 Them, and their Masters, I all detest,  
 Abhor, as Thou dost any Christian Priest.

Before Thee stands Hell's mighty Sovereign King;  
 My Subject's Thanks for thy last Works I bring.

All my Grim Sons, with Emulation fir'd,  
 Restless, thy Rights, thy Christian Rights requir'd.  
 Thy Christian Church's Rights: Immortal Page!  
 Worth thy Malice, Impudence and Rage:

Envious They ask, in sullen surly mood;  
 What Incubus did o're thy Fancy brood.

All Hell resounds thy Name with loud Applause,  
 And Luv't the Leader, as they like the Cause.

But above all, the Hor-brain'd Atheist Crew  
 That ever Greece, or Rome, or Britain knew,

Wave all their Laurels, and their Palms for You;  
 Spinoza Smiles, and cries — The Work is done.

I ——— T shall Finish; (Says his Darling Son);  
 I ——— T shall Finish; when Spinoza first Begun.

Hobbes, Milton, Blount, Marston with him join;  
 All equally Admire the Vast Design.

Then — so the Trumpet's, and the Clarion's Sound;  
 The giddy Goblins wheel in Edgier round.

To I ——— T's Health: — on Earth may I ——— T dwell!  
 Late may we have his Presence here in Hell!

Till he the Glorious Work has done: They cry,  
 Till Christian Churches all in Ruins lie.

(Sonorous Shoutings rend the Livid Sky)  
 No single Fiend, through all the numerous Host,

Declines the Glass, when I ——— T is the Toast.  
 Old Epicurus, to Lucrerius Bow'd,

Young, Witty, Learn'd, Vain, Impudent, and Proud;  
 Diagoras next Apollonius sat:

The solemn Sages on thy Works debate:



The Prayrour Judas list'ning, Gleaning, Hood;  
 Sometimes he Mus'd, and then he laugh'd aloud;  
 Twixt Rage, and Hate, and Scorn, at last he cries,  
 Curse on thee, for the filthy random Kins!  
 To take the Founder, and the Church to miss.  
 Apostate Julian, rose and loudly Swore,

The Galileans Empire was no more;  
 His Royal Priesthood shou'd for ever cease,  
 And Satan shall regain the Realms of Bliss.

By this time L—T, quite recover'd Hood;  
 His Visage redd'n'd with returning Blood,  
 And thus he answer'd (when he Thrice had Bow'd.)

Dr. Great are the Honors, which the Prince of Hell  
 Bestows upon a Mortal Infidel:

Nor with less Pleasure I the Praises hear,  
 Your Subjects to my trifling Labours spare;  
 Neither to You, nor Them, I must confess,  
 My Duty, as I ought, I can express:

Fain wou'd I merit more! wou'd they but praise me less  
 But give me leave (as I'm in Duty bound)

To pay thee, Satan! Reverence more profound:

(Here with his Head nine times he touch'd the Ground.)

Civility surprizing, I acknowledge;

To Visit a poor Fellow of a Colledge!

For Hell's dread Emperor to condescend

Himself a vile Terrestrial Fiend!

Tell me, Ye Gods of Erebus and Night!

How have ye heard of such a worthless Wight?

What Thanks are then, Supream Apostate! due

From me, (the Meanest of God's Foes) to You?

S. Egregious Youth! Thou last best hopes of Hell!

All Satan's Sons, have hitherto done well;

But Thou, all Satan's Sons dost far excel.

———However——let us nor, My Worthy Friend!

Our time in Ceremonies only spend:

Nine times three Minutes I can only stay,

And cannot bear the least Approach of Day:

Then to the Buis'ness let us come;

'Tis what you Study here, and I at home.

The Church of England is the Cursed thing,

That you and I must to Destruction bring.

D. Thanks, Great Destroyer! if so mean a Man

As I, but work such Mighty Mischief can;

No Time, nor Cost I'll spare; no Strength or Pains:

(The Church of England's Losses are my Gains)

Some Deanery then to my Lay-Fee shall fall;

The Bishopricks—— my Betters must have, ——— All.

S. I tell thee, L——, and observe it well:

Merit, like thine, does all Reward excel.

For Gold, or Fame, let little Souls contend;

Dis-interested Mischief be Thy End:

Only with Patience in thy Work persist ;  
To Hell's infernal *Caesar* leave the rest.

D. Oh *Emperor* ! What Merit can I claim ?  
The Youngest *Hero* in what Lifts of *Fame*,  
Had I of old, (as *Scripture Annals* sing)

Wag'd War with Thee, 'gainst Heav'n's perpetual King,  
Had I (but only the Conquer'd side)

Display'd, with thee, thy Vanity and Pride ;  
Some Laurel then I cou'd with Pleasure wear,  
And without Blushing, now my Praises hear.

S. Extreame on all sides we with Justice blame ;  
And little then thy Headstrong Rage reclaim :

And try thy Lust of Anarchy to tame.

Mischief enough remains on Earth undone ;

Then check thy flight tow'rds Heav'n, my towering Son !

The greatest Worth still Bounds and Limits knows ;

Be satisfy'd ——— and gall thy Present Foes.

The *Christian Church* is still in Safety found ;

Let that be first quite levell'd to the Ground.

When thou hast finish'd this, (no small Design)

Thou may'st with Reason for fresh Mischief pine ;

And before all the *Christian Churches*, still

Let *Albion's Church* employ thy utmost Skill ;

Quick against that, thy second Battery raise,

And equal to thy Mischief be thy Praise.

Her Clergy first, with foulest Lyes Defame ;

Her Clergy, of whatever Age or Name :

Rome's Pontif, and the *Rating Elders* spare,

To blacken *Albion's Bishops* by thy care :

Tell hw that Realm is by the Bishop's curs'd ;

All Discord, Error, by their *Canons* nurs'd,

New Schemes of Government unheard of raise ;

And all (but that which you live under) Praise ;

For mad Republicks still thy Strains Pursue ;

For mad Republicks, whether Old or New :

All-curs'd Monarchies alike descry,

Mix'd, Absolute, their various Rights deny :

Monarchs, as Tyrant, in thy Books display ;

Bishops, as feller Tyrant far then they :

False are our Hopes, and Profieless our Pains,

While Bishops Mitres wear, and A N N A Reigns.

D. It shall be done : Great Enemy of Light !

I bear 'em all, with thee, an equal Spite :

An equal Spite, tho' nor a Power I bring

With thee, 'gainst Heav'n's all-ruling Tyrant King.

I hate his Son, as much as you, or more ;

S. Why wilt thou thus aloft unbounded soar ?

Stoop ; stoop thy Wings : on Earth again descend.

D. At thy Monition, downwards thus I bend ;

And only Wish ——— His Church on Earth may End !



Oh wère my *Will*, but once *Britannia's Law*  
*Rome* should again the servile Nation awe;  
 The *Druids* else regain their lost Abodes;  
 And *Thor* and *Woden* by *Britannia's Gods*:  
*Idols* in every Temple shoud be found,  
 The Poor in Chains of Superstition bound;  
 The Rich in Luxury and *Atheism* drown'd;  
 All Decency and Order shoud be Damn'd;  
 And wild *Enthusiasm* run Bellowing thro' the Land.  
 All, in their Turds, be *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*;  
 Distinctions are but meer fantastick Things:  
 All Government does from the People flow;  
 Whom they make *Priests* or *Kings*, are truly so.

These are the Doctrines in the *Rights* I teach,  
 No matter what the *Prophets* or *Apostles* Preach.

*S. Moses* indeed (a Wonder-working Jew)  
 Tells you, how Empire first in *Eden* grew;  
 That *Adam* was the first undoubted King,  
 And from his Loyns all future Monarchs spring;  
 All Regal Power on Earth with him began,  
 And thro' his Veins to his first-born it ran:  
 God made the Monarch when he made the Man.

The *Patriarchs* hence their Right Imperial claim'd;  
 And the first Son the Successor was Nam'd:

The People never gave Dominion Birth;  
 As well might Crowns like Mushrooms spring from Earth:

Notions—I own—that have been reckon'd good,  
 But wond'rous Old!—I think—before the Flood.

Dry; hard to swallow: Some of narrower Throats  
 Doubt, or deny, and think this *Rabbi* dotes;  
 So Comment all the Text away with Notes.

Next. He of *Nazareth* the Pre-quer came;  
 (To Me, and Thee, an ever hateful Name.)

The Scheme *Mosaic* he in pieces broke;  
 But gall'd the Nations with an equal Yoke:

Of Monarchs and their Crowns he little said;  
 (Only, To *Cæsar*, *Cæsar's Things* be paid.)

The Laws of Earthly Realms he let alone;  
 But in Exchange, beneath his *Priests* ye groan:

And if from Heav'n (as they pretend) He came;  
 Their Priesthood then from Heav'n they justly claim:

But that a little shocks my Faith; D. much mine:

*S.* The Christian Priesthood then is not Divine.  
 If *Jesus* then was not the Son of God,

Then an Impostor; D. Which I think—*S.* Allow'd  
 D. And justly on the Cross the Impostor Cow'd,

Ye coming ages! for th' Impostor's Sake,  
 Of all his Toils the like Examples make;

With equal pain and shame his Followers vex,  
 With endless plagues that progeny perplex,

Let 'em from Earth with utmost Fury fly;  
To seek their Weights of Glory in the Sky.  
S. He first, then They, those slavish Doctrines taught,  
That to Revenge must on your Foes be brought;  
That Crowns Celestial were to Cowards giv'n;  
And only Slaves on Earth were Lords in Heav'n;  
Doctrines, too Low, for thy Erected Race,  
Reject 'em then, Sublimar far embrace:  
Submission does thy Manly Tribe disgrace.

Do Thou, thy native Fierceness bravely show;  
Rather than Pardon, give the foremost Blow:  
Forgiveness, is the Coward's want of Skill,  
Or Strength, to execute his angry Will;  
Or else Revenge delay'd, till Time mature  
Succeed the Vengeance, make Resentment sure.  
Thou on thy Foes with Speed and Vigour fly;  
And ev'ry bold Offender, let him dye;  
Stay not till he thy Pardon may implore;  
Or if he does, let that incense Thee more:  
It shows a Coward; and a Coward's Blow,  
Deserves the utmost that thy Rage can do:  
Thy Humour be thy Law, thy Lust thy Guide;  
Nor subject be to any thing beside,  
But Obstinary, Vanity, and Pride.

—In Truths like these the hardy Britains train;  
Thus Subjects Wife their Liberties maintain:  
And thus Rebellion will securely Reign.  
Subjects, like These, their trembling Rulers awe;  
Thus Kings Receive, the People Give the Law:  
If any Sawey Monarch dare oppose,  
Or Pedant Bishop; let 'em feel their Foes:  
To Death or Exile quick the Traytors drive;  
No Rebels to the People ought to live.  
Thus LAUD, and STUART, Both with Justice Dy'd,  
Fierce Cromwel, with the Many on his side,  
Thus check'd the Prelate's, and the Monarch's Pride.

D. And thus it is, True Oracle of Lyes!  
That in the Rights, the Britains I advise:  
But they remain, reluctant to my Will;  
Their Beer, and Beef, confirm 'em Blockheads still.  
Wou'd They; but publicly my Doctrines own,  
The Monarchy had long e're this, been down:  
Episcopacy of that Name herest;  
And that is almost All, it now has left.

If common Fortune does my Toils attend,  
My Second Rights that Order quite shall end.

See, The Ax laid to the Root, where you may plainly find, such  
Malice; and such Blasphemy; to be the Sentiments and Language of these  
Execrable Apostates.

Infruct



Instruct me, *Migbry Leader* to Oppose  
*Priests, Bishops, Kings: Britannia's only Foes.*  
S. L——T! ——— Your Rights I like in gen'ral well;  
Yet—in some parts, You've broke the *Laws of Hell*;  
You speak too plain, ——— and lay your *Cloak aside*, —  
Forbear, ——— be cover'd, ——— I chastise such *Pride*,  
Wise *Fowlers* do not thus themselves proclaim,  
But mind with *Caution* round the watchful *Game*;  
Had I, like You, the *Hypocrite* disown'd,  
*Adam* had ne're beneath my *Scepter* groan'd.  
Bravo's, in other Countries, never cry  
The Men in Publick, they intend shall *Dye*.  
Woud'st Thou? *Civilian*! *Depths* *Satanick* know;  
Then to these *Rules* with deep *Attention* bow.  
Let *Moderation* all your *Counsels* guide;  
Nothing does *Vice* so well as *Virtue* hide:  
*True, Sterling, and Infernal Treason's* ——— This;  
Formal begin — All Hail! ——— and then — the *Kills*:  
With *Caution* most deliberate proceed;  
The *swiftest* is not still the *surest* *Speed*:  
To *Brutal Rashness* few *Great Deeds* we owe;  
*Hero's* in *Mischief* *Civil* are, and *Slow*:  
A *Gentle Answer* all *Objections* solves;  
*Sheep's Cloathing* is the proper *Garb* for *Wolves*.  
In vain against *Religion War* you wage,  
Without the *Serpent's Cunning*, with his *Rage*.  
D. Accept my *Thanks*; *Hades All Sapient* *Sire*!  
Who can enough thy *Politicks* admire?  
Prostrate I *Kneel*; ——— and for thy *Pardon* sue; ———  
For *Moderation* all my *Vows* renew;  
Then bow thine *Ear*, and listen to my *Gries*;  
And make Me, like thy *Self*, both *Brave*, and *Wise*.  
S. Thus our *Stage-Poets* too, are All to blame,  
Those *Puppies* ever over-run their *Game*:  
Over all *Bounds*, all *Precipices* leap;  
Nor mind the *Lashings* of the *Hunter's Whip*:  
*Bawny, Prophaneness, Blaspheiny* they join;  
Think only *Wit*, with *Wickedness*, *Devine*:  
Turn ev'ry thing thar's *Sacred*, to a *Jest*;  
In *Christian Countries* never spare a *Priest*.  
For *Faults*, like these, *Fierce Jerry Collier* rose;  
Briskly he *Charg'd*, and *Routed* all his *Foes*:  
E'ne the *Train-band Reformers*, cou'd engage  
Such *Scotts*; with *Glory*, equal to their *Rage*.  
For *Faults*, like these, from *Agave* the *Dancers* come;  
And *Eunuch* *Singing Choristers*, from *Rome*:  
At vast *Expence* those *Epicures* are fed;  
The *Poets, Players*, justly want their *Bread*.  
Tis for these *Reasons* *Theatres* decay;  
*Prophaneness* sinks, and *Blaspheiny* gives way:

Bawdy no more with Pleasure can be heard;

The Modest, Civil Sinners, all are scar'd.

For this, One House a Timber-Yard is turn'd;

Oh! had ye heard—how Pocky † D——, mourn'd!

The Pillars too of all the others bend;

I see their pageant Deities descend;

And all in real Flames their painted Glories end.

The Mightiest Emperors, Most Gracious Queens,

Dwindle to Pimps, and Whores behind the Scenes.

With Prudence then, divert th' impending Blow,

Some Moderation in your Madness show:

For Lewdness, for discreeter Lewdness call;

For Modest Vice: ——— or else the Stage will fall.

Your nasty Nakedness to Rage provokes;

On quickly with your Vizards—All, and Cloaks.

Plays are like Poysons, if they're temper'd right,

Never offend the Taste, the Smell, or Sight:

Bawdy Bare-fac'd must never be allow'd;

Ev'n Whores are Mask'd, and Modest in a Croud.

No Blasphemier be Bellow'd from the Stage,

Nor any Publick Wart with Vertue wage:

In Private be as Wicked as ye will;

Do not Abroad——— my Mysteries reveal.

——— Rakes I abhor: all Sorts so loudly Lewd;

Hell Blushes at the giddy senseless Brood;

Whate're you think, and pray such Coxcombs tell,

We have some Modesty at least,——— in Hell:

Not such as is in Silly Virgins seen;

Grave, solid, sober, serious Vice, I mean.

Be then these Rules observ'd alike by all;

And Vice again shall rise, and Vertue fall:

The Realms of Darkness ev'ry Day increase;

Lewdness grow great, as Modesty grows less:

Atheists, with Poets, Players, (Wretches vile

By the Saints call'd) shall Govern *Albion's* Isle;

And Satan on ye all propitious Smile.

D. If *Satan* smiles, What Mortal shall withstand?

Th' unerring Thunder of my Vengeful Hand,

Listen, ye *Britains*! then, to L——T's Lore;

I'll soon relieve ye from Tyrannick Pow'r:

Nor Priests, nor Monarchs, shall in Fetters bind

Much longer, any Free-born *Britain's* Mind:

I'll teach ye, ev'ry Bullet-headed Wight,

To Drink all Day, and Fornicate all Night:

S. Well started, Casuist!—'tis *Britain's* Right.

Whoring's a very little Venial Sin,

If *Phyllis* be but Wholesom, Cheap, and Clean;

---

† The Gentleman who built the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.



And Drukenness is Physically good,

To cure the Spleen, and circulate the Blood.

Pray,—when you take a new Satanick Text,

Instruct your Honest Block-head *Britains* next;

How by the Gospel they're all Plagu'd and Vex'd:

Show 'em, that 'tis beneath a *Britain's* care,

To spend his Time in Sacraments and Pray'r.

D. It shall be done, Most Anti-Christiian Spright!

And the Three Creeds, my Liege, can ne're be right:

Three Creeds? but One my Faith does puzzle quite.

Suppose that, nor, were by the Commons freed

Out of the Decalogue, and plac'd ith' Creed:

That little trifling Particle——that Nor;

(Or if Expung'd——'twou'd be no mighty Blot.)

S. Compendious Thought! well worthy to succeed;

D. Thus Faith and Practice, both at once wou'd bleed:

S. That wou'd be Liberty and Property indeed!

D. Oh! wou'd but Time that happy Scene disclose!

In which no Senator shou'd dare oppose

That Vore; but all Unanimously join;

Me, and Themselves, to free from Laws Divine:

Then Uncontroul'd, I'de humour ev'ry Lust,

And only be to Wine, and Women, Just.

S. Nothing shou'd bind a *British* P——r,

Without each Individual's Consent.

The *Horeb* Contract, never yet was laid

Before the Houses; nor has Once been Read,

O—Pass'd in Either:—Wherefore then Obey'd?

D. Was *Horeb's* rigid Contract made for me?

Did I the Thunders hear? or Lightnings see?

S. Then not Consenting, you are plainly Free.

All Contracts where one Party's over-aw'd,

The Civil Law, I think, deems Null and Void.

No Freedom with those Ten Commandments lasts,

That *Boreb* Contract all your Freedom blasts:

Dissolve that Contract, try your utmost Strength,

You may, perhaps, find Friends enough at length:

Do Thou, my Canonist! prepare a Bill,

The House can any Covenants repeal:

And who shall dare Oppose a *enare's* Will?

But I'me afraid, their boggling at the Test;

Gives us but slender grounds to hope the Best,

Had they that Bill but Generously pass'd;

With better grace you might have Urg'd this last.

D. Your Majesty makes Merry with your Slave;

S. Dost thou then reckon thine own Projects grave?

Thy Projects in the Rights? Thou Partial Knave!

Well, to be Serious:—Nay, nay,—why that Look?—

There's very wretched Reasoning in thy Book:

But——if you please the Nation with such *Stuff*;  
And make the *Clergy* Odious:——'tis Enough.

Thy Knowledge of the Scripture too, is small,  
But that, and Logick in a Lawyer, shall  
Not be by Me, insisted on——at all.

Could you no better, than you Reason, Rail;  
L——T, 'twixt Friends, the Parsons wou'd prevail.

D. I've done my Best: What Mortal can do more?  
I'me sure there's Malice in my Book, good store.

S. Yes, pretty well——Doctor of Civil Law?  
At Last——I heed not Logick of a Straw:

Tho' less, than in Thy Rights, I own, I never saw  
——No matter——Malice, Slander does as well:

These are our constant Arguments in Hell.

Be sure then, in your Second Rights, take care,  
That Curs'd, Establish'd Clergy not to spare:

Load 'em with Malice, Slander ev'ry where.

Stab 'em, My Russian! Stab 'em, thro' with Lyes:  
Till at thy Feet, that Order, gasping, Dies.

Then I, my Self, will lead Thee down to Hell,  
There, in supremest Pomp, with Me to dwell.

The Furies patient, shall thy Coming wait;  
In Magick Circles, to attend thy State:

Ten Thousand Infidels, before Thee fly,  
To clear thy Passage, thro' the crowded Sky.

At thy Approach, Rebellion stern will rise,  
All smear'd with Blood and Gash'd: (to Arms she cries,  
Hurling a Spear towards Heav'n,) since L——T's ours,  
Let's re-attack, ye Fiends, th' *Ethereal* Tow'rs.

*Democracy*, (a Noisy Patriot Fool,  
The Rabble's Idol, and the Statesman's Tool,)

After her sawcy and familiar way,  
Doctor, I'me Yours; Yours heartily, She'll say:

How fares on Earth the *Jus Divinum*? Dead?  
Do the *Patricii* the *Plebes* dread?

Almost——then fling this *Mitre* at that Monarch's Head.  
Sedition loud, to Tumult mad, shall bawl;

And Welcome Thee to Saran's gloomy Hall:  
Slander with all her Snakes shall hiss thy Praise;

Treason leave all her Plots on Thee to gaze:  
Lewdness with Deism shall Record thy Name,

And Envy shall not envy Thee thy Fame.

That wither'd, crooked Witch, Old Heresy,  
Will Wanton, Frantick grow, at sight of Thee:

Catch Thee with Lust extatick in her Arms;  
Smiling with Youth renew'd, and Virgin Charms:

Then eager press her burning Lips to thine,  
And round thy Neck, like a fond Mistress, twine.

*Vain Glory*, (Mighty Builder!) last shall raise,  
At my Expence, this Fabrick to thy Praise.



Three Hundred Cubits from the Solid Ground,  
(And all Emboss'd with swelling Sculpture round)  
The Column rises just; with Strength and Beauty crown'd.

High on its flaming Top, shall *L——* stand;  
Thy *Christian Rights* wide open in thy Hand.  
There, Thou shalt teach the *Damn'd* to Curse, Revile  
God's *Priesthood* and his Sons: the *damn'd* the while  
Forgetting all their Pains, shall listening Smile.  
Sullen *Enthusiasm* tearing of his Hair,  
Distorted, Foaming, Trembling, in Despair,  
Low at the Pillars Bale half-rai'd shall lye,  
Then Staring upwards, with a Shriek shall cry,  
Are *Atheists* lifted up in Hell so high!

On thy Right-hand, Proud *Blasphemy* shall sit,  
And on thy Left, *Prophaness*: *Scurril Wit*  
*Impudence*, *Sophistry*, (Hell's Rabble Rous)  
With *Error*, *Folly*, *Vanity*, and *Doubt*;  
Huzza—The Rights—The *Christian Rights*—shall shout.

The *Scriptures* all to shivers torn, shall fly  
Like driving *Snows* along a stormy Sky:  
The Spoils of *Christian Churches* shall bestrow  
With sweet *Confusion* all the Plain below.

*Rage* unreclaim'd shall round the Ruins ride,  
With stupid *Irreligion* by his Side:  
(On Earth by *Flattery* Both for *Patriots* prais'd,  
In Hell by me to Seats infernal rais'd:)  
These shall the *Scepter*, *Robes* and *Diadem* bring,  
While I anoint Thee—*Mischief's Monkey King*.

Such are the Honours I prepare for those,  
Who are, like Thee, to *Priests* Immortal Foes.

Was ever Land by silly *Priests* mis-led?  
Did ever ancient Heroes *Parsons* dread?  
Ye drowzy *Senators*! from Sleep arise!  
Ye Publick *Patriots*! when will Ye be Wise?  
Wou'd Ye a true *Dependant Priesthood* have?  
Resume the *Tythes* your dull *Forefathers* gave.

Let 'em at *Altars* for *Subscriptions* wait,  
Or *Arbitrary Pensions* of the State:  
Then if They dare, but what you'd have 'em teach,  
Let 'em, like *Paul*, at their own *Charges* Preach:  
While they their *Bishopricks*, and *Dean'ries* keep,  
These *Wolves* will never tremble at *You Sheep*.

D. That little *Text*, my *Liege*! these *Norions* nicks;  
Jesurun, till he fattens, never kicks.

S. The *Convocation*, do what'ere I can,  
Still thwarts the Measures of my *Dark Divan*.

D. Might *Slaves* with *Emperors* in *Counsel* share,  
That *Senate*, in *Ten Thousand Pieces* tear.  
In that, *Britannia's Church* collected stands;  
A *Giant* with *Two Heads*, *Three Hundred Hands*.

Bodies United, Terrible appear;  
Which separate, no, single Man won'd Fear;  
Each *Coward* singly I my self cou'd beat;  
But dare not All of 'em together meet.  
So wary *Hawks* do fearful *Pidgeons* fly,  
As they in *Squadrons* Wing the liquid sky:  
When joyn'd in Troops, the Foe they wisely shun;  
And yet, they'll Kill a Thousand, One by One.

S. Now I commend Thee *M---*, wisely said;  
And wisely with such Enemies proceed;  
Do Thou instruct the Commons, and the Law,  
With *Premunires* still those Priests to awe;  
Then they'll Submit: Thus *Henry* gain'd his Cause;  
*All Shepherds tremble at a Lion's Paw*:  
For, tho' to Others they of *Suffering* talk,  
In their own Case they still that Doctrine baulk.  
And after all --- if those Two Houses --- meet ---

--- D. The Devil, S. And the Doctor, D. Both are bit;  
But for their *Gracious Emphasis* --- there's the Tark ---

S. Which will my utmost Care and Caution ask.  
I own, she's arm'd with Piety and Pray'r;  
Such Goodness --- frequently eludes my Snares.  
Firm and unshaken, hitherto Sh'as stood;  
Nor heeds the Noise and Workings of the Flood,  
But Hope, you *Morrals* say, with Life does last,  
Tho' beaten still, still I can rise as fast.  
You cannot but remember *Gentle Eve*;  
To me --- the Wheedling of the Ladies leave.

Old *Clarendon* does well my *Friends* disgrace,  
What then? --- my *Friends* at Court have met wit Place;  
Patient Ple wait --- Observe the rowling Sky;  
Then --- catch the lucky Minuter as they fly.

Once, with Success, I Hunted mighty Game;  
That Day shall stand consign'd to Deathless Fame,  
Earth trembl'd as my *Beagles* roaring onward came.  
Remorseless, round the *Royal Heart* they stood,  
And plung'd their *Dew-laps* in his *Sacred Blood*.  
The *Powers infernal* Jealous, wonder'd why,  
'Twas given to Mortal Men to Sin so high.  
Thus fell Old Pious CHARLES, in Sufferings Brave;  
The *Rebels* Rul'd, their *Monarch* was their Slave;  
His *Clemency* did first his *Stare* enthrall;  
And by his *Goodness* 'twas I wrought his Fall.

I fill'd his *Senates* with my sawcy Brood,  
Erect with Sin and Impudence they stood;  
The *Subject* Hector'd, and the *Monarch* Bow'd.  
For that perhaps Above he is Renown'd,  
But since on *Earth* a *Traitor's* Death he found,  
I'me satisfy'd. D. go may all *Kings* be Crown'd!

S. Oh ANNA! When will Thy *Devotion* cease?  
When will Thy *Streams of Charity* decrease?  
That better Hopes may to our Prospect rise;  
But Thou'rt confirm'd the *Darling of the Skies*.  
Why art Thou thus too Generously Great?

To sink Thy Own, to raise the *Clergy's* State;  
What Blessings still attend Thy Glorious Reign!  
Oh ANNA! most perversely Pious QUEEN!  
Heav'n Smiles to see Thee Rule thy *Realms* below;  
And Sov'reign Power, with Sov'reign *Goodness* show;



Thy Royal Grandfire's Worth, with better Fate,  
Shall make Thee, thro' all Ages, Truly Great.

D. All Mighty Ills by Fate's Adverse are cross'd;

Thus We not Works, but Wishes only boast:

Brave Ravillac thou'd else but Second stand

To me, in Hell's Assassinating Band:

Were it not otherwise Decreed above;

The Guardian Angels still the strongest prove.

But, Sir? --- those Foolish Universities!

Are They too, Guarded by Supreme Decrees?

Oh wou'd some other Henry but arise!

Dissolve their Colleges, their Buildings burn,

And all their Books to Flames and Ashes turn:

Sell all their Lands, to make the Nobles Drunk,

That ev'ry Commoner, as Olim --- nunc,

Might at the Churches Charges keep --- a Punk.

Then Thou \* Bridgewater! thou'dst in Europe claim,

Oxford's Immortal Venerable Name:

Cambridge to \* Taunton all Her Towns resign;

S. And Both, in Mighty L --- T's Praises join.

D. Thus Piety and Learning thou'd Decay,

And Ignorance and Atheism bear the Sway.

S. Exquisite Fiend! Satan's undoubted Seed!

How does thy Likeness justify thy Breed?

What Pity 'tis it ever should be said,

That Thou did'st Eat a paltry Prelate's Bread.

For Shame! For Shame! thy Fellowship Resign!

Nor longer with those Christian Coxcombs Dine

Forlake thy Pedant Cell, to Courts repair,

Triumphant Atheism Thou wilt meet with there:

Thy most degenerate Friends, the Courtiers tell,

We have not such Ingratitude in Hell;

To let a Youth, like Thee, regardless pass,

Nor mind the Glories of thy Glistening Face.

Merit, like Thine, to meet with no Reward!

Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Vice! 'tis wondrous hard:

King David's Admonition here is just;

Not Princes, nor in any Courtiers trust.

But hold --- my Time is almost quite expir'd;

Besides, below my Presence is requir'd.

--- Rot these Republicans! I am Betray'd;

\* That Tutchin! has an Insurrection made

\* With his Deposing Doctrines; but ere Day,

\* I'll teach that Dog! Hell's Monarch to Obey.

Do Thou, then, quickly these few Orders take;

And I thy Room, at present, will forsake.

To all thy real and admiring Friends,

\* Satan, by Thee, his hearty Love commends.

\* To T --- d, C --- ns, A --- ns, A --- h, tell,

\* Sir R --- t H --- d Greets 'em kindly well;

\* And hopes to see 'em shortly All --- in Hell.

\* And I've a Letter here for Esquire S --- ta

\* J --- n D --- n, with his Brethren of the Bays,

\* His Love to G --- h, Blaspheming G --- h, conveys;

\* And Thanks him for his Pagan Funeral Praise.

\* Hopes W --- y, whose Christian Name is Will,

\* Continues very Witty, Wicked still:

\* Two Noted Presbyterian-Seminaries in the West of England.

The like of C---ve, V---k, and the Rest,  
 Who Swear, that *all Religion is a Jest*.  
 Tell Doctor B---t, *Theory* I mean,  
 His *Eve* and *Serpent* have our *Tartar* been;  
*Lucian*, the *Maister* that *Dialogue* Thanks;  
 The *Snake*, and *Lady* faith, play --- pretty Pranks;  
 Hugh *Peters* something said, a *Canting* Sor,  
 About one *Ben---* his *Sir* name I have forgot;  
 His *Measures of Submission*, were Obey'd  
 Exactly, by *Wat. Tyler*, and *Jack Cade*.  
 George *Fox* to *Lacy* had some *Warnings* groan'd,  
 But his stiff *Scribe* was no where to be found;  
 The Fool himself, can neither *Write* nor *Read*,  
 The *Motions* of his *Chops* I did not heed.  
 Old *Arius* cry'd, O *Lucifer*! I charge ye,  
 Thank *Wh---* for his *Money* to the *Clergy*.  
 Oliver's *Porter* stop'd *me* at *Hell's Door*,  
 And in my *Ears* this *Prophecy* did roar.  
 A certain circuitous *Enthusiast Knight*,  
 Of *Britain* Great, a very little *Wight*,  
 Sir *R---d B---* call'd; bid him but wait,  
 When *Emes* does rise, his *Worship* will be *Streight*.  
 Have ye not here, on *Earth* Pray? *Hell* *whelps* too?  
 D. Your *Highness* means, if I conjecture true,  
 Our *Block-head* *Observer*, and *Review*.  
 S. The same ----  
 They're mangy, lazy *Currs*, I'll have 'em *Hang'd*  
 Or else, 'till all their *Bones* are broken, *Bang'd*.  
 In half this *Time* *Prin* *Ruin'd* *Church* and *State*;  
 D. All *Scoundrels* cannot grow, by *Scribbling*, *Great*.  
 S. If they can nothing more to *Purpose* say,  
 I'll burn their *Papers*, and withdraw their *Pay*.  
 Prithee reach hither, *M---*! the *Bibliothèque*  
 Choisy, where th' *Author*, of Your *Works* does *speak*;  
 Because, *Sorinus* has a *Wager* laid,  
 There's something greatly to Your *Honour* said:  
 And that our *Scribbling* *Swifts*, *Le Clerc*, will say  
 As much --- of any *Devil* in *Hell* --- for *Pay*.  
 In *Winter*, when at C---st---ne's You meet,  
 Pray tell that *Club*, I *Kiss* their *Gloven* *Feet*.  
 And at the *Calve's-Head* *Feast*, when next You *Dine*,  
 Accept these *Flasks* of *Acherontick* *Wine*:  
 The *Toft*---be *Honest* *Noll's* good *Health* and *Mine*.  
 I'll have a *Brace* of D---s within this *Sennight*,  
 Spite of the *Doctrine* of that *Doctor K---*  
 From me, as from a *Friend*, his *Reverence* tell,  
 We've *Ment* of *Sense* and *Quality* in *Hell*.  
 'Tis well remember'd---Take one *Parting* *Kiss*,  
 Thine *Elder* *Brother* *Judas* sent Thee this.  
 Thus having said, He in a *Mist* withdrew,  
 And in a *Moment* up the *Chimney* flew.

## F I N I S.

By A. EVANS. The British Museum has two editions  
 printed in London in 1710, the first of 38 and  
 the second of 23 pages. See the Dictionary  
 of National Biography. Given by E. S. Dodgson